Love Like Blood

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Love Like Blood

by vampirelecter

Summary

Will Graham wasn't keen on the idea of having a neighbor at first, but he soon starts to like it and grow closer to him. There is just one problem, when Hannibal's nephew Abigail comes back home and people start dropping like flies, Will starts to question the nature of his neighbors..

Notes

Just wanted to say english is not my first language, so I might make a ton of mistakes, please do correct me if you see one!!
Also the title of the fic is a reference to a song by Killing Joke. Enjoy <33

Prologue

Will Graham has lived in the middle of nowhere for pretty much his whole life. He wasn't what you would call an extroverted man, and he liked being surrounded by his seven dogs and a dozen trees, he liked living near a lake where he could fish and most of all, he liked how quiet it was all the time. This peaceful environment was much needed after everything that's happened to him.

Because he was so used to living here alone and wouldn't live anywhere else, he was much surprised to see one morning men coming a few feet from his house and measuring some things out. No one ever came here, except an acquaintance from time to time, an old colleague wanting some insight on an F.B.I. case, which he always refused to give. It was even more rare than this person was someone other than Jack Crawford. Even if he liked the man, Will wanted nothing to do with that job that nearly cost him his life. He even thought about moving out once, so no one would know his address and come bother him, but he was attached to his home now and it would have required a lot of energy.
When he understood what these men were here to do, he started to panic. The last thing he wanted was for someone to build a house next to his and become his new neighbor. The best thing about living in the middle of nowhere was that he never had to worry about neighbors and could go on about his day without feeling observed or listened to. Maybe with a bit of luck, it would be a secretive person living alone or a noiseless old couple. But Will Graham usually doesn't have luck, so it might as well be a family with a bunch of annoying kids, whose parents would come knocking on his door often and be friendly to him. He decided to get dressed and go talk to these men before going insane with useless suppositions.

"Hello, excuse me? I humm.. live right there and was.. wondering what's going on?
-Oh hello sir! Sorry I didn't come talk to you sooner, I didn't know if anyone was in the house or if anyone was awake. It is pretty early and I didn' t wish to wake anyone up. I'm Hannibal Lecter, and I was thinking about building a house next to yours actually. It seems like an incredibly calm neighborhood, just what I need
-Well, neighborhood is a big word, Mr. Lecter.. There's only me and my dogs, and it's been this way for more or less a decade now."

Will only realized how bitter he sounded after speaking the words aloud. The man standing in front of him seemed surprised by the rudeness in his voice, he who spoke so politely and looked so well mannered. His straight posture probably made him appear more taller than he really was, and contrarily to his deep brown eyes, his blond hair reflected the sunlight, giving him a sort of halo. But what really drew Will's attention was his clean, perfectly tailored suit and his cheekbones so sharp he probably would have hurt himself if he touched them.. The man seemed overly fancy, especially compared to him and to this place. He was relieved by Hannibal's proper manners, but still he did not wish for him to become his neighbor. Realizing he was being examined just as he stared at this stranger, Will grew uncomfortable and spoke more softly, eyes pointed at his own bare feet:

"I apologize I… don't do well with people. I'm Will Graham.
-Happy to meet you Mr. Graham. Don't worry I won't disturb your peace too much, except

maybe for the time of the construction, which won't be that long. I'm also a lonely wolf, no companion, no kids... I don't even have a pet, and most of the time during the week I'll be at work. I just needed change, a new place where I could hear myself think, I bet you understand how it feels like. Well, Mr. Graham, I think these men are done with the measures so it's time for us to go. I hope we'll get along and you forgive me for moving in next to you."

Will muttered a weak "goodbye" that no one else heard as they left. He despised the idea of knowing someone lived so close to him, seeing this other house everyday will take a lot of time to get used to but he didn't own all the land so there was nothing he could do about it, and the man sounded pretty decided. The thing that disturbed him the most was how Hannibal stared directly into his eyes as he talked to him, and how he seemed to understand Will even though their first conversation was impersonal and it was mostly Hannibal who did the talking. He hoped his future neighbor wouldn't feel obliged to speak with him often and they would simply ignore each other, but all of that was about to change.

Soon, everything would be different. Soon, Will would wish he could go back to his mundane life, to the day before he met Hannibal Lecter. Unfortunately, it was already too late for Will.

Chapter 2

“So, Will, how does it feel to have someone live next to you now? You haven’t complained yet, which is surprising. No offence.”

Beverly was the closest thing Will had to a best friend. Well to be fair she was pretty much the only friend he had, and although they didn’t talk often, he was always happy to see her. It was not a friendship where they knew each other’s darkest secrets but they both learned to appreciate each other’s company in the few years Will worked for the F.B.I. Beverly was sad the day he left, and she missed his sarcastic comments as well as his brilliant insights nearly every day now that he was gone, but she was actually the one to convince him to quit. He didn’t want to admit it to himself, but the job was killing him and Beverly cared. She was now sitting on Will’s couch nonchalantly, petting the dogs who were thrilled to see someone other than their master for a change. If Beverly didn’t talk often to Will, she came to his house even more rarely, in fact she had probably spent only a few hours here in the eight years they had known each other. Knowing Will’s character, she did not mind and still enjoyed those moments.

“You know I don’t really care actually. He seems like a private, really polite guy that won’t cause me any trouble. At least that’s what I gathered from our little conversations during the construction of his house. I think he officially moved in about a week ago.
-You should invite to dinner or bring him something. Or wait I know! Why don’t we go over there and ask if he wants to join us for our pizza date tonight?
-I don’t think Hannibal’s the type of person to eat a greasy pizza and drink beer in front of a trashy reality tv show…
-We can buy red wine if he prefers.
-No, Bev I don’t think it’s a good idea.. We have nothing in common it would just be awkward for all of us.
-Well, what I think is that you’re scared, and that you should at least return the courtesy in some way. You said he seemed really polite and that you talked quite a few times.
-Only when he needed a tool or something... It’s not as exciting as you think.
-So, you’re never going to talk to him ever again and just pretend he’s not there?”

Will sighed, showing Beverly he didn’t want to talk about his new neighbor anymore. The truth is, he didn’t know what he was going to do about him. He knew she was right though, and that it would be rude to not invite him to eat or at least bring him something as a welcome, but there was no way that he’d try to make a new friend. Beverly and his dogs were enough for him.

The following evening, he gathered all his courage to go knock on Hannibal’s door and bring him the bottle of wine he picked out for him while he went grocery shopping. He knew nothing about wine, but Hannibal seemed to, and he hoped he wouldn’t be too disappointed. Will decided this was still better than doing nothing and be rude, like Beverly so gently

pointed out. After five minutes there was still no response, so he started to walk back home, secretly relieved, but he stopped at the sound of a car door closing next to him.

“Hello, Mr. Graham, did you want to see me? Is something wrong?
-Hello, nothing wrong I... just wanted to give you this, as a congratulation on your new house. And please, call me Will.
-Thank you for the wine! Would you care to join me for dinner? We could share this bottle afterwards, and I could show you the house if you like.
-That’s nice of you, but I don’t know… I’m a rather picky eater…
-I understand if this makes you uncomfortable, but please let me cook for you. We should probably get to know each other; I truly think I’ll stay here for a long time and I don’t know anyone else.
-Well, if you insist...”

Will never planned this, he would probably embarrass himself in front of his new neighbor by saying something stupid or choking on the damn wine he brought him. Still, he was curious to see the interior of the house and taste Hannibal’s cooking. There was something deeply intriguing and hypnotic about him. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to stay as far away as possible and try not to think about him or break all the rules he had set for himself to know more. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the situation was that he didn’t know how to feel yet, and if there was one thing that Will hated most of all, it was hesitating. His thoughts got interrupted suddenly when he saw what Hannibal was pulling out of his trunk. The plastic bag was clear, so you could see through it that the clothes it contained were stained with blood. He was not queasy about those things, as he was an F.B.I. agent and used to see the most horrific things that men could do to each other daily, but still it was unnerving to see this man so composed and perfectly dressed with this bloody bag in his arms. As he closed his trunk, Hannibal started to laugh at Will’s expression before explaining himself:

“You don’t have anything to worry about, don’t look at me like I just killed someone! In fact, I save lives for a living, I’m a surgeon at the Baltimore hospital. Early in life my mother taught me that if you wanted everything done perfectly, you had to do it yourself. That’s why I don’t let the nurses touch my scrubs and do my own laundry at home.
-Good, now I’m reassured that no one will try to gut me in my sleep. What time should I come?
-Well, you could come in now if you’d like. It won’t take me long to cook, I already prepared almost everything last night. To be honest, I was planning on inviting you since I moved in, you showed up at the perfect time!
-Is that so?”

For the first time, Hannibal saw Will’s lips forming a half-smile, which was more than enough for him, and he responded with an even wider one. He seemed to be getting more comfortable in his presence, and Dr. Lecter was glad at the thought. Who knows, maybe they would become good friends, he certainly saw potential in him.

The wine was horrible, as Will feared it. Of course, Hannibal hadn’t said anything about it, but his face spoke for him, as soon as he drank the red liquid, his lips turned into a crooked

grin, and he didn't even bother to finish his glass. At least dinner was excellent, Will was surprised because it was so different and much more sophisticated than what he usually ate. He tried to pace himself and not devour his meal like some uncivilized caveman who hadn't have anything in his stomach for days, but miserably failed and was a bit disappointed when everything was gone from his plate. Hannibal noticed, and it pleased him immensely. He had stared at his guest the whole time, trying not to make his smile too obvious and visible. He also failed. Once he finished, he gently wiped his mouth and gazed at Will, who, to his surprise, looked at him straight in the eyes for the first time since they met. It felt as if a barrier was lifted, as if the awkwardness present in the room disappeared at last, only for a new kind of tension to start filling it.

"How was it? Did you enjoy your dinner, Will?
-I more than enjoyed it, it was perfect. I'm surprised no woman has proposed to you yet, I believe cooking is a rare skill for a husband to have, and something a lot of wives search for. I know that if I was a woman, I sure would look for that… I'm sorry, I just never know when to shut up.
-Don't be embarrassed to speak freely in front of me, I find it quite charming actually. I'm sorry dessert isn't ready yet; would you want a tour of the house while it bakes in the oven?
-Sure, I'd love to."

That's how Will discovered Hannibal was an excellent cook but also had amazing taste in interior design (well, he seemed to have the best taste in everything imaginable now that he thought about it). Each room was more splendid than the other, on every wall there was a strange painting, on every shelf an antique object and numerous books that dealt with history, science, or the occult. He had never seen anything like it, but his favorite room was without a doubt the bedroom. Maybe it was because red has always been his favorite color, maybe it was because of how intimate the place felt, or maybe it was because of the unusual instruments that Hannibal had accumulated there. The smallest one especially drew his attention.

"This one is called a theremin, it was invented in Russia during the 1920s and is one of my favorites. The sound it produces is as peculiar as the way you play it, which is without touching it. Do you want me to show you?
-Please, I'm intrigued."

Hannibal approached Will slowly, quietly. When he stood behind him, he reached for his hands, and Will didn't dare to make a move, he just let this other man guide him. He stopped breathing and his heart started to race when their hands touched. It was almost tender, as if Hannibal was scared of hurting him. When he realized what was happening, he turned away a bit too abruptly. He was not used to human touch anymore, but this didn't feel weird or inappropriate to him, it was just a reflex he had developed after being along for years. He mumbled an apology to Hannibal, hoping he hadn't vexed him and pretexted he had to go to the bathroom. Will probably misread the whole situation anyways, being so out of touch with the social interactions protocol. As he splashed his face with fresh water, his mind started to clear a bit, but he was still confused when he went down to the kitchen where Hannibal was frosting the cake and pouring them champagne.

“Are you okay?
-Yeah, I’m sorry I ran away like that. It’s just…
-You don’t need to apologize or explain anything to me. I understand that we don’t know each other well. Not yet anyways, but I’m looking forward to it.
-The feeling is mutual.”

After having too much cake for their own good and definitely too much to drink, they shared a bunch of facts and embarrassing stories about themselves, eager to know the most insignificant details about each other and laughing uncontrollably. Deep down they both knew something was happening here, but they were a little too tipsy to care, and they also knew that they had plenty of time to let their relationship grow, whether it was into a great friendship or something entirely other. The giggles were interrupted by a sudden doorbell ring that made both men jump. When Hannibal opened the front door, a young girl rushed inside. She looked like she had been crying for hours and they could hear she had trouble breathing correctly when she spoke:

“She threw me out! I can’t believe she finally threw me out!
-Hello, Abigail, I’m sorry to hear about that but it’s kind of a bad time…”

The panicked girl didn’t seem to hear what he was saying and invited herself in anyways. She went on and on about how evil her mother was, said that she always threatened her but she never imagined this would happen for real. Abigail felt like she was still dreaming and could not stop shouting. No one dared to interrupt her, and once she was finally done her uncle invited her to stay at his place for a few nights, but insisted she would have to settle things with Mischa, her mother, and return to live with her, despite understanding it was the last thing she wanted to do right now.

Feeling out of place, Will went to the door, insisting he should get back home to feed his dogs. He hadn’t realized how late it was until now, thank God he didn’t have to drive or walk a long distance. Before handing him his coat, Hannibal grabbed him by the arm and thanked him for coming, adding in a voice so low it was almost a whisper, that he had a really great time and would gladly invite him again. Will could not focus on what he was hearing, he was too mesmerized by the mirror hanged behind his host, in which he could only see his own reflection. He definitely had too much to drink tonight.

Chapter 2

The hot, almost burning water felt especially good on Will's left shoulder tonight. Because he got shot many years ago, it had always been one of the weakest muscles in his body. He had hated this flaw, this vulnerability before he got used to it. In fact, he got so used to it that he wasn't really paying attention to it anymore, would sometimes forget he could only lift so much weight for so long and then the pain would come back. This time it was worth it though, he told himself while grabbing a towel, he had just helped a friend move around some furniture. Will heard the doorbell ring quicker and quicker, as if the person pressing the button was in a hurry or starting to worry. That's when he realized that he had been in the shower longer than he thought, wrapped the towel around his waist without taking the time to put his clothes back on, and precipitated towards the door, not wanting to make Hannibal wait any longer.

"Hey, sorry I made you wait here, come in!
-I know our dinners are casual, but I didn't know they've gotten that casual.
-Oh, hum... Guess I forgot to dress. I'm so embarrassed, sorry.
-Will, I was teasing you. I've been dreaming of seeing you like this since the first day we met actually…"

For the past weeks, there have been a lot of flirting and compliments, which was unusual for both of them but not unpleasant, on the contrary. They never clearly spoke of what their relationship was, and even if Will had very little knowledge of how friends were supposed to act, he was almost certain this was not considered proper friendly behavior. This was especially weird for him who had never been this close to someone in decades, but he was surprisingly comfortable around Hannibal now, like he was a reassuring presence that had been here all his life.

On the other hand, Hannibal drew great pleasure from teasing Will and seeing his reaction every time he made a flirty comment. Most of the time, he blushed and there was nothing sweeter to Hannibal than seeing his whole face turn red. Each day he learned a little more about Will, but it just left him hungry for more, he just couldn't get enough and this devouring curiosity that he hadn't felt in a long time was very exciting. It was a shame that Abigail was coming for dinner tonight, the evening started out so well… Once more he asked himself why the hell did he let that child move in with him, why had his sister agreed and put her in his care. But he was alone with Will most evenings anyways, having dinner together quickly and naturally became their ritual, something to look for after a long day of work. Besides, Abigail brought another layer of action in his life and, who was he kidding, he had a lot of affection for that kid who he always saw as the daughter he could never have, not in this life or the next one. He just wished that she wouldn't reveal their secret and blow everything up like she often did, he planned to stay here as long as he could.

A few moments later, Will reappeared in the living room, this time fully dressed. He barely had time to sit down when the doorbell rang again. God, he was really starting to hate this sound. Abigail almost tripped, it was hard to see where she was going with this giant pile of pizza boxes in her arms. That was one of the things she and Will had in common, to

Hannibal's despair. Most nights, he insisted on cooking but knew that he also had to make sacrifices to make this work. Even though there was nothing he loved more than being in control, he admitted he had to let go from time to time. It also pleased him to see how well Abigail and Will hit it off, because they were so different from each other, her being so extravagant and him so quiet. But again, he and Will also had a lot of differences, and what would be the fun of relationships if you couldn't learn from the other nor see things from another point of view.

On the rare occasions where they ate at Will's house, he also insisted on choosing the movie. Typically, they watched one of those cheesy and predictable 80s horror movie. He was especially fond of the ones featuring vampires, werewolves or other creatures, and he now loved hearing Hannibal's comments about how ridiculous the whole thing was.

"But that's the whole point! Sure, it didn't age well, it's not even scary anymore and it makes little sense but that's what makes it fun. Don't you ever have any fun?
-Oh, I do know how to have fun! For example, I have fun every time I'm with…"
Abigail interrupted him with a cough before he could finish his sentence, genuinely wanting to follow what was going on in Fright Night.

She went home just before dessert, knowing that they were probably dying to have some privacy. Besides, she had other things to do. They were now standing in the kitchen, Will watching Hannibal baking, a noticeable smile on his face.

"Now that the kid's gone, I wanted to ask you about something I saw on the news. Have you heard about the woman who got murdered not far from here? The road was blocked when I got to work this morning, and I learned what happened after… Terrible thing, the poor girl was completely empty of blood and seemed unnaturally old, from what I've heard.
-Didn't know. I promised myself to stay away from that sort of things when I quit the F.B.I. You seem a bit shaken by it though, are you okay?
-I am. I just hope that it's still a rather safe environment here. It was close from here, I immediately thought about it could have been you or Abigail.
-There's never been a safe place in the world Hannibal; never will be.
-Oh, don't be so pessimistic dear. Everyone is not as evil as you think.
-No, I guess not."

Will reached out to the cupboard above the sink and grabbed two wine glasses. Unfortunately, he didn't notice one of the dogs at his feet and tripped, opening the back of his hand on the glass that he just shattered on the floor. He swore and shouted at the innocent dog, making less and less sense as he started to realize how badly he was bleeding. Hannibal, who heard him fall from the living room, almost ran to him and seemed more worried than necessary. Will insisted that it was nothing serious and that the bleeding would stop eventually. It had to, for he didn't have any antiseptic or bandages. He was not a man who knew how to take care of himself, despite how clumsy he was.

"I think you need stitches; I'll take you to the hospital.
-No!"
Hannibal never heard him sound so angry, it was a strange sound and made him worry even more.

“You’re a doctor, you know how to fix people and I suppose you have the equipment at your house, unlike me..
-I do, but you don’t understand. I don’t want to hurt you…
-Please, no hospital. I can’t go back there, please.”
A single tear, running down his cheek, decided Hannibal. He was truly afraid to hurt him, afraid that he wouldn’t be able to stop himself, but he couldn’t stand seeing him in pain. That’s why he gently took his bleeding hand.
“Will, do you trust me?”

After receiving an affirmative nod from him, he asked him to close his eyes and started to suck the blood out of his wound until not a single drop came out. Seeing that Will didn’t move or ask any questions he wasn’t ready to answer yet, he proceeded and cleaned his hand with his tongue, staining his teeth and lips with Will’s blood. He did it all very slowly, wanting to keep control of the situation. Nothing had ever felt this good in his mouth, and no hand had ever looked so beautiful in his own. Although he wanted to look him in the eyes, he kept his stare on his hand, imagining the expression of fear and disgust on Will’s perfect face.

“What did you do?
-I healed you.
-I mean… how? Why? What are you?
-Does it matter?
-No, I don't know. I'm just confused because of the blood I lost, I guess.”

Before they could realize what was happening, their lips touched, again and again, more passionately each time. It was all so messy, but it felt so right. Hannibal couldn’t even run his hand across Will’s hair because of how tangled it was, and neither of them could breathe calmly. Not that they cared, because it was the best kiss of their lives. Feeling brave, Will started to chew at Hannibal’s lips. He wanted to possess him completely, wanted to belong to him. Seeing the blood pouring down his mouth, and knowing that it was because of him, arose a new emotion in him. A sense of excitement that he would have been ashamed of if he were with someone else. But he was never ashamed of being himself around Hannibal, and everything felt perfect when he kissed him repeatedly. Out of breath, he pulled back from their embrace and stared at his lover’s face.

“Will you answer me if I ask you once again what you are, Hannibal?
-I don’t think you would believe me, my dear. I can be whatever you want me to.
-Show me then. Please.”

Will begged him without words, because he knew the power he had over Hannibal, now more than ever. Nothing could have prepared him for what happened next. He suddenly felt a sharp pain in his neck, but that was soon replaced by the most heavenly sensation. He was ecstatic, and he was sure that if Hannibal didn’t stop right away, he would pass out from the pleasure. And yet, he didn’t want him to. It was too much and not enough at the same time, the most delightful experience he ever had. He didn’t care about the danger of it all, nothing mattered anymore, except for the mouth on his skin, sucking the blood out of him, making him feel more alive than he thought possible. Even when he felt himself becoming light-headed, he would have given everything for this unholy embrace to continue.

Hannibal stopped himself just in time, before he would have done something that he would regret for the rest of his time on earth. He always regarded his immortality as a curse, as he was forced to see everyone that he connected with die while the heartache accumulated. However, since he met Will, everything changed, he was grateful for every second spent with him and wished that he would never have to be anywhere that wasn't his arms. The immortality would become a blessing, if he could share it. He had wanted to reveal his true nature for so long now, but knew how risky he was. His last beloved didn't have Will's chance, the poor thing was so scared that she threatened to tell the whole village, he had to drain her completely. In his best dreams, things never went this well. The evening felt so unreal to him, and yet Will was standing in front of him, weak but still alive, the sincerest expression of joy distorting his face. He didn't scream, didn't ask him to stop, he seemed to understand and want more.

When Will regained enough force to stand up, he grabbed a kitchen knife on the counter and slit open Hannibal's wrist, who didn't resist what was done to him. The vampire had given his blood and transformed many humans before, but he never felt so excited by it. Will didn't think about the repercussions, only about what it would be like to have the one he had always waited for forever by his side. They were the luckiest creatures on earth, and they felt like nothing or no one could stop them anymore.

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